

Schubert

55

Baron (Schubert) 130

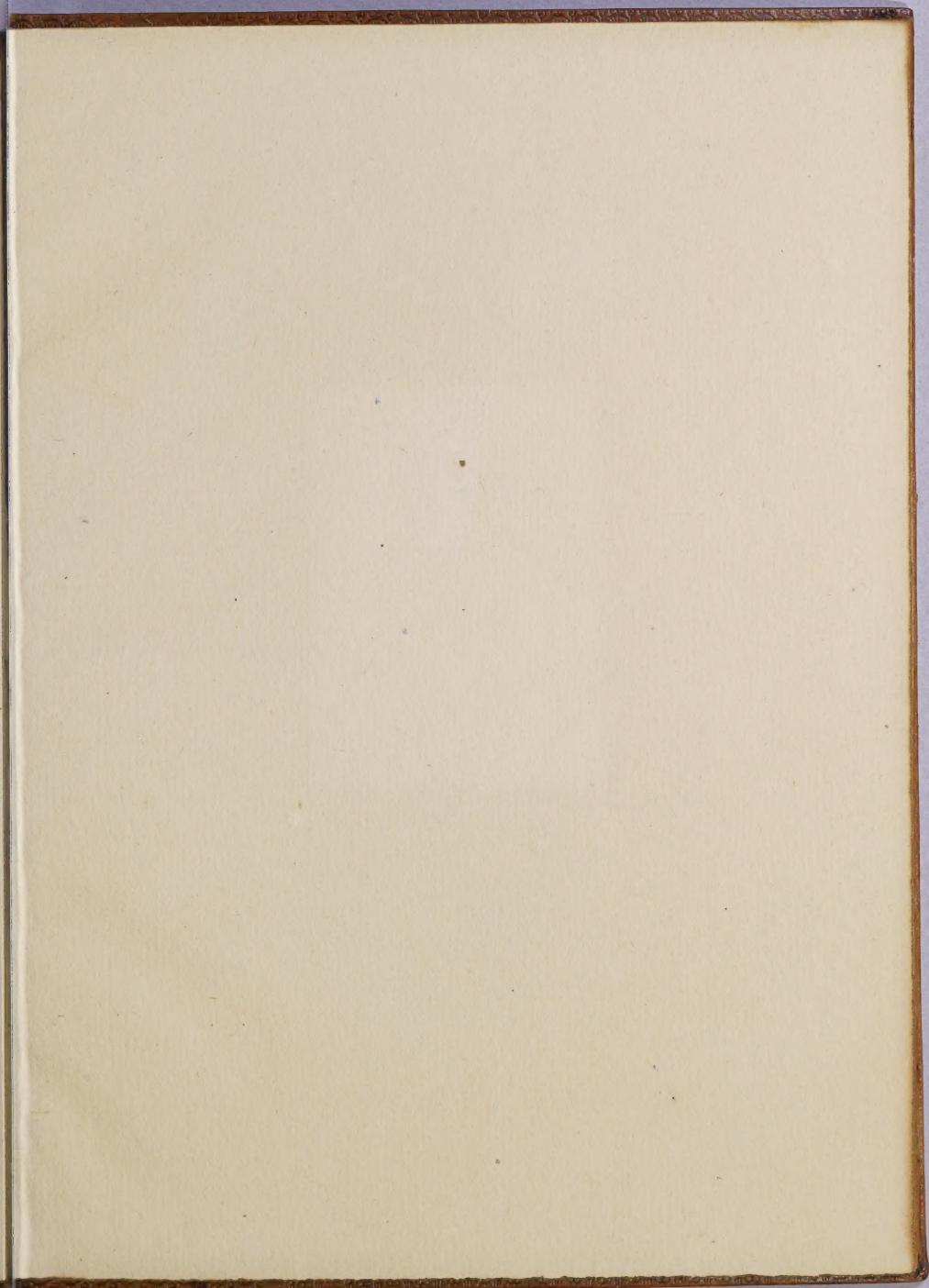
①



John Carter Brown
Library
Brown University

Sp.
septuaginta.

Samuel 7. Bell



KING

And of the SCOTS and IRISH

PARLIAMENTS:

A F O R E M

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

(19)
The Emblem of Our

KING.

And of the SCOTS and ENGLISH
PARLIAMENTS:
A POEM

Dulce et Decorum est pro Patria mori Horatius.

By a well Wisher to King and Parliaments.

*Regum timendorum in proprios greges
Reges in ipsos Imperium est Jovis Horatius.*

*Ecce silet Maris unda, sileat et flamina Venti
Haud tantum intra nostra sileat precor dia cura.* } *Theocritus.*

*Honor fugacem persequitur Virum,
Fugit sequacem : si fugis occupat
Ut Umbra, venantemq; ludic-
Niliacâ Crocodilus alga.* } *Hermanus Hugo.*

*Vive, Vale, si quid novisti rectius istis,
Candidus imperti : si non, his utere mecum.* } *Horatius*

EDINBURGH, Printed by John Reid 17 co

STATEMENTS
OF THE
COMMISSIONERS

OF THE

PRICE

OF THE

The PROEMIUM, O R INTRODUCTION.

(1)

I F *Kings* by *Birth* and *Right* do not maintain
Their *Crowns* and *Scepters*, and by *Love* do *Reign*;
If *David*, *Saul* or *Solomon* did *Sway*
Their *Scepters* by their *Subjects* word *obey*,
And not by the *Decree* of *GOD* alone:
Let *Angles* Call *Three* *Parliaments* in *One*.

(2)

N Nothing is found in *Scripture* to *Defend*
Or yet a *Shaddow* to this *Thame* extend;
That *Kings* be *Govern'd* by a *Parliament*;
Except a *Council* given us be of *Trent*;
For *Samuel* surely by *GOD's* sure *Decree*
Anointed *Saul* a *Monarch* for to be

(3)

G Goodness alone of *Love* and *Charitie*
And great *Compassion* mov'd the *Trinity*,
To come from their *Abyss* of *Happines*,
And make the *Fabrick* of this *Universe*;
Who could have liv'd perpetually in *Bliss*,
Without our *Praises* or a *ficunt* born *Wish*.

(4)

R Rich was this *Love* of *GOD* (the *Blessed Three*)
But our *Redemption* by *Immanuel* see;
The first (to wit *Creation*) was but *Love*,
The second only the *Extent* doth prove:

A.

(4)
A third then take with you, a *Noah's Race*,
How *Providence* Governs all here by *Grace*.

(5)
A At last shall I Commemorate *Christ's Death*
Who dy'd upon a Cross for Mortal Breath;
Who took upon him our Mortalitie
And was an Emblem of Humilitie,
Who, (sin excepted) paralleled a *Man*
In likeness, yet in *Graces* bore the Van.

(6)
T This GOD has kept His Church from *Peter's time*
In Chains of Gold, most perfect, through the *Rhene*,
And *France* and *Rome* and *Flanders*, *Germanie*
Do Harbour *Papists* to a vast degree:
Yet *Scotland*, *England*, *Ireland* do possess
St John's Religion free of *Munick Mass*.

(7)
I Ingratitude, by all Men hated be;
To whom (next unto GOD) our *Libertie*
Doth *Scotland*, *England*, and Old *Ireland* to
But unto Great King *William* humbly ow?
Let *Thanks* to GOD, and *Honour* to the King
Our *Parliaments* and our *Assemblies* Sing.

(8)
T Then let the King, his Majesty Condole
The loss of our Great Northern *Artick Pole*,
Our *Caledonian* and our *Albion Fleet*,
And come and view, how *Scotland* now doth weep,
For *Providence's* Procedure 'gainst the *Trade*
Whose rising would have made thy *Subjects* glad.

(9)
U Unto *Despair*, Poor *SCOTLAND* fainteth now,
And longs to see thy *MAJESTY* to do
It Right, and Justice, in a *Purer-Sense*,
Than *Faint-Addresses* sent with *Reverence*.

Since

Since no *Petitions* by Our COMPANIE,
Could move the *Angles*, with SCOTS to agree,

D *Danger* and *Loss*, and *Grief*, and *Fear* prevail,
Of *DARIEN TRADE*, of Our *St. Andrews Sail*,
Of *Edinburghs-Burning*, and *Kirk Registers*,
Of *Parliament's-Adjournments*, are Our *Cares* ;
Come, *Noble Hero*, most *Illustrious KING*,
Sail o're the *Main*, and take a *Turtles-Wing*.

E Except thy yet more *Pressing-hot Affairs*,
Detain Thee not in *Holland*, Loo, thy *Fears* ;
Come down to SCOTLAND, and be Crowned here
Let no *Advice* Suspend Thee, nor a *Tear* :
But come like *Alexander*, kind *Serene*,
Thy MAJESTIE, and Court we'll Entertain.

SCOTLANDS first Address to the KING.

I F I had *Clouds*, and could the same Preserve,
N othing from *Fears* should cause my Motion Swerve;
G rant me the *Treasures* of the *Main* to keep,
R ich Floods of *Tears*, will Testifie, I Weep ;
A nd shall my *Grief*, be Quarrellous or Mute,
T o Pray to GOD, who sees me *Destitute* !
I f little shows my *Face*, my *Minds* intent,
T hen Smile when *Griev'd*, when *Pleas'd*, I will Lament.
U nless my *Groans*, my *Sighs*, and *Tears* the KING,
D ispell, and Cause our Cities *Bells* to Ring.
E nter my *Sorrows* now and mount the *Wing*.

Scotland's

(6)
Scotland's, or Affrica Companys
second Addrcs to the King.

If it be Vain Our *Letter* to Deplore,
New Tears are empty, let us Weep no more;
Go tell thy KING thy *Mind* and thy *Desire*,
Reson the *Matter*: *Charity* 'll inspire,
A Gen'rous *Soul* to listen, hear and say,
Thy *Modest Suite*, (*ADDRESSES*) well obey,
If it be Vain, thy other *Pains* to tell,
Till Thy *Address*, with *Mounting Wings* can Sail,
Under Thy *Cover*, Shelter thou thine Head
Deny to Speak, but look as Thou were Dead,
Except Thy *Wounds* a *PARLIAMENT* Remend.

Scotland's, or African-Company's
Third and last Address to
His Majesty, presented by
the Lord Ross, and others.

If all my *Suffrings* no *Compassion* move,
Nor yet perswade the *Angles* Us to Love;
Good GOD Protect us, KING and *Parliament* !
Recoile, O SCOTLAND, View thy *Banishment* !
Ah! if Our *Sorrows* had a *Parallel*,
Taught by *Example*, I should bear them well.

If my

I f my base Slav'ry is alone my Blame,
 T hen lets to be Bewail'd with Tears, than shame,
 U nder this Toke by *Magick*, am I bound?
 D o Sun, Moon, Stars, in Circle go the Round,
 E xcept I Move and Act, I'll gain no Ground.

A

DIALOGUE.

Betwixt KING, House of PEERS, the PARLIAMENT, and House of COMMONS.
 called *Burrows* by the Author.

K Ind Council, Peers, and Parliament, You see,
 I 'm Deafed with Sighs of Scotland's Miserie;
 N ow solve me where to fix my Doubtfull Love,
 G rant me my Wish, or let my Pity Move.

P Rince, King, Dread Sovereign, Monarch of our Lands,
 A nd sole Protector of Our Hearts and Hands;
 R eason, Religion, Faith, Love, Charitie,
 L y hid to England, if it lose Pietie:
 I f we can ne're Embrace Scots in our Arms
 A nd ne're be darted by their Wounds and Charms;
 M ust generous England ever Soar above
 E xtreamly silent and yet ardent Love?
 N o surely: let the King grant their Request,
 T hat kindled Fires of Love within our Breast.

B enign,

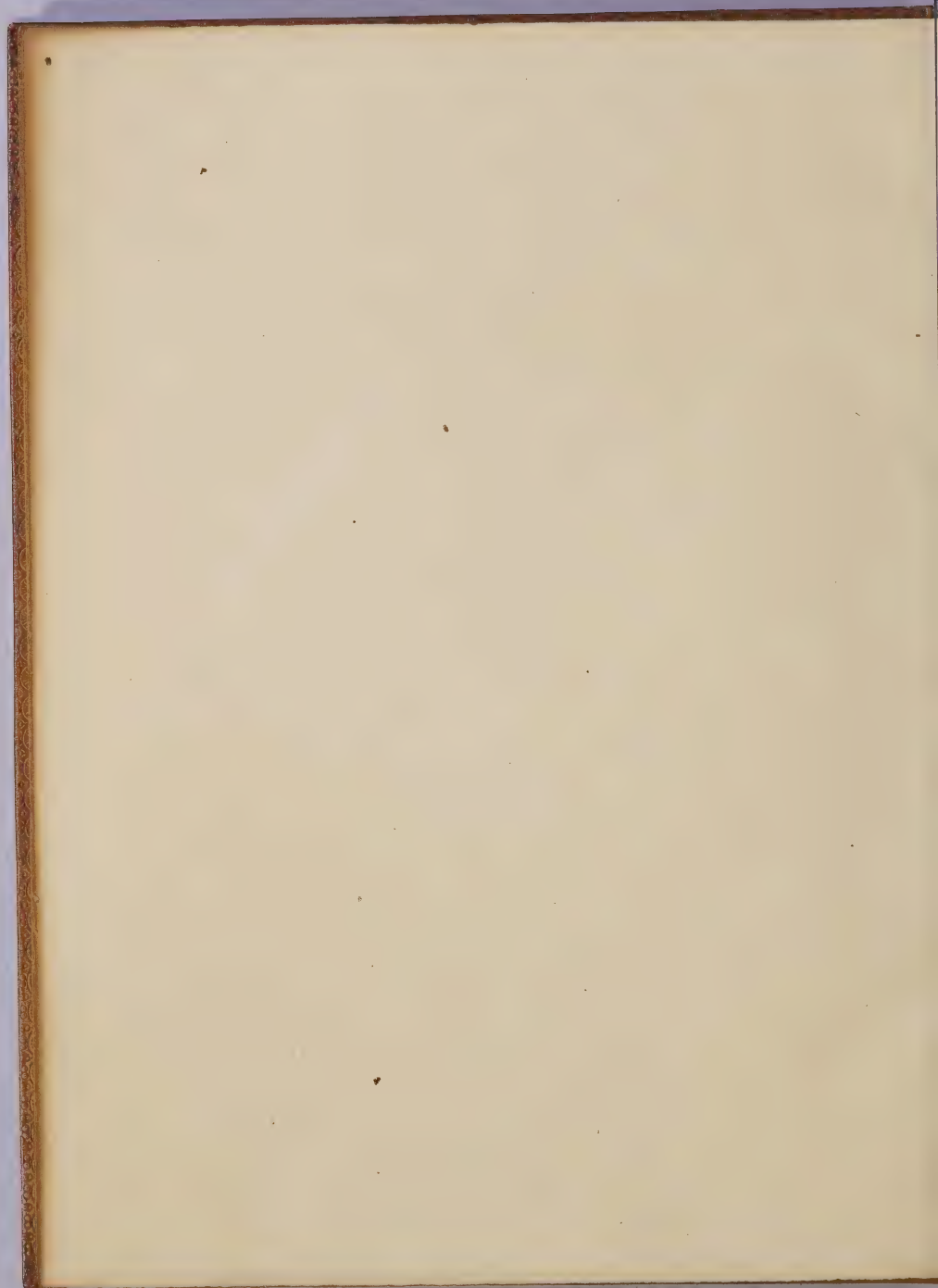
B Enign, *Kind Monarch* of our *Lands and Hearts*
U nto thy *Goodness* we ow *Trade and Arts*;
R eligion, freedom from the *Mass and Charm*
R ising from four pound *Profelyts* to harm:
O h! come and view our *Citys*; Crown *thy self* }
W hy we be *Loyal*, though we have no *Wealth*. }
S cotland's poor soil will not *prejudge thy Health* }

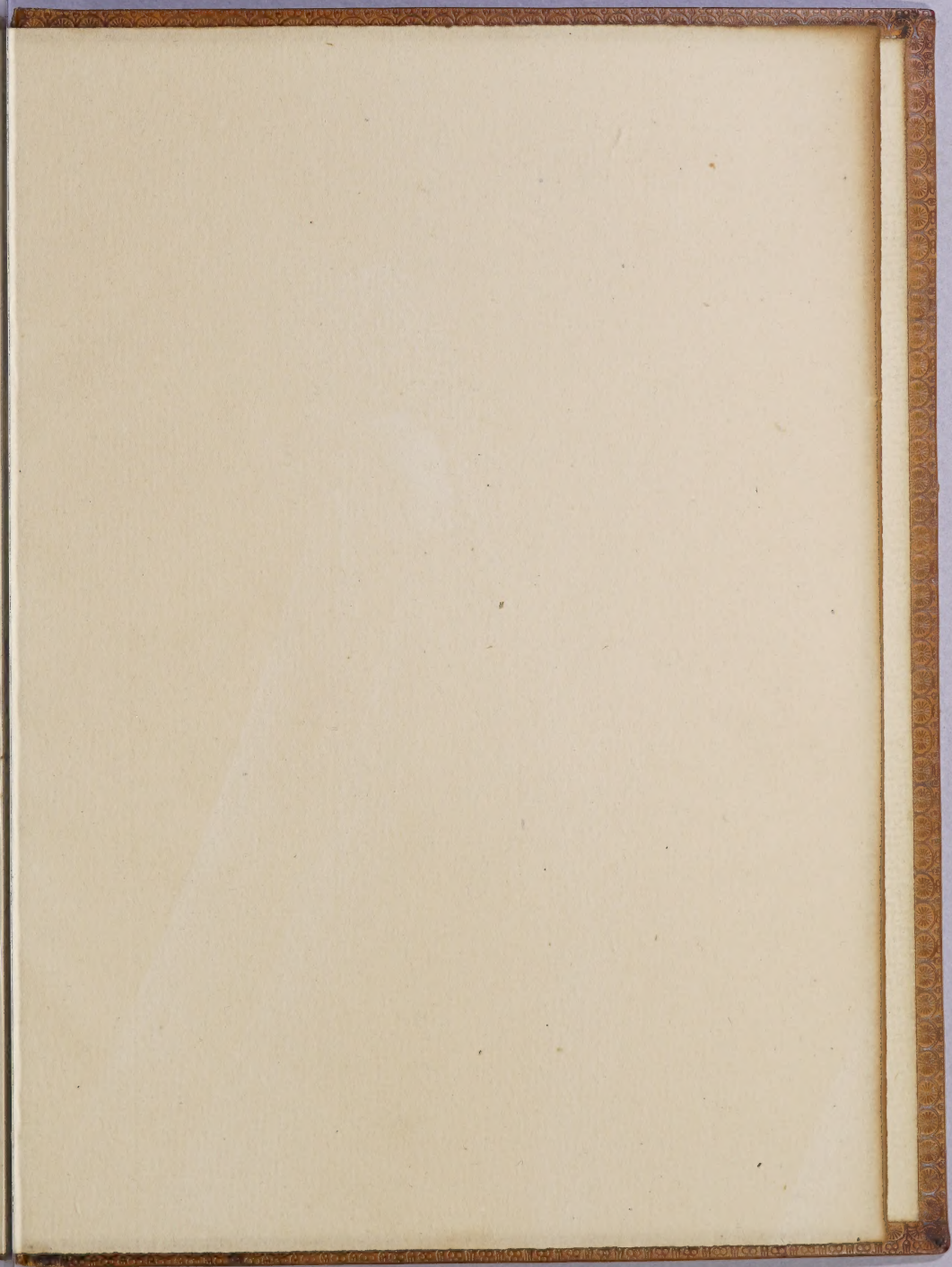
The Authors Wish or De- siderium.

D esires are faint yet *Languishing* they be,
E v'n when *posses'd* they cannot *satisfie*.
S orrow and *Fear* torment the *Soul* by turns,
I f both concur, behold the *Fever* burns.
D istance and *Absence* may retard our *Love*
E v'n present *Joy* our *Constancie* doth prove.
R eason and *Wit* a kindly *Sympathie*
I ndu'd with *Love* also with *Charity*,
U nder my *Croft* or *Comfort* shall excell
M ore then they who like *China* proudly swell.

F I N I S







page 5 Tarnish

D
Scott
130

